

When the Eagle Flaps his Wings

(and Calls on the Kaiser)



WORDS & MUSIC BY
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Re - mem - ber old Bill Bai - ley, Well, he just sailed a - way, He
One day poor Bill got wound-ed, The nur - ses were so kind, The

Till Voice

took his U - ku - le - le, Al - ways plays it night and day; He en - ter - tains the
way he'd swear and tear his hair, They tho't he'd lose his mind; The Sam-mies came from

Kha - ki boys, He plays just what they please, And while they're doz - ing Bill's com - pos - ing
near and far, When they heard Bill was sick, They found him rav - ing and be - bav - ing

war - time mel - o - dies; Well, here's a song he wrote That'll get the Kai - ser's goat.
like a lun - a - tic; It seemed he would get worse Un - til they sang this verse:



CHORUS

3

We can,— we will,— We can, we will, we must;— We
 know we can, Well show we can Get Kai - ser Bill, or
 bust.— In Ber - lin there is a bum on the throne, There'll
 bust.— The bul - lets are fly - ing, our Flag is un - furled, He'll
 soon be a throne on the bum,— When the Ea - gle flaps his
 think it's the end of the world,— When the Ea - gle flaps his
 wings and calls on the Kai . . . ser.— We ser.—
 wings and calls on the Kai . . . ser.— We ser.—

To Vamp

